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IN THIS ISSUE—

## How the Canadian Armada Was Saved

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The quality level crossing at the West. At this point the road crosses the line of the bridge, and the approach is under way.

are dangerous and require protection. These are the reasons assumed by the inspectors employed by the commissioners and of the latter had them to be a nuisance to public safety, they are set down for action at the next sitting of the board in the early, when the whole matter of protection is discussed with these interested.

A third method of arriving at the same result in these public com-

mon over ignored by the Railway Commissioners. An inspector is ordered to examine the crossing and, if in his opinion protection is needed, the question of just what that protection shall be, is left down for consideration at the board's next sitting in the neighborhood. That the lack of investigation actually amounts to something worth while, is illustrated by the record of inspectors made by the officials of the Board during the last year for which the returns have been compiled. In the twelve months ending March 31, 1915, twenty highway crossings, at which fifty people had been seriously injured and sixty-one had been seriously injured, were thoroughly investigated. This makes an average of one every four days, which is a fairly good showing. Add to this fifty-one inspections of crossings complained of as being dangerous and needing protection, and it is apparent that the inspectors have not been wasting their time.

Incidentally, it is interesting to note that of the thirty crossings investigated after

accidents had taken place, sixty were situated in what may be regarded as rural districts, being either in villages or the open country, while the remaining thirty were in towns and cities. Of the fifty-one crossings examined after complaints had been made of their dangerous condition, only five were located in towns and cities. This shows that the preponderant number of dangerous crossings are to be found in the country.

When the Board hears a crossing case, arising in any of the three ways described, witnesses are called and the subject of the dangerous condition of the crossing is discussed by interested parties.

If an accident has occurred, evidence regarding the affair is put in and often photo-

graphs are submitted to illustrate more clearly the actual situation. If, then, one or more of the Commissioners go in person to the crossing and examine the ground, having at length got all the facts before them and having heard the railway's side of the question, the commissioners deliberate for a while and finally issue their order.

THE PROTECTIVE COMMITTEE. Orders of the Railway Board dealing with crossing protection are of five kinds, corresponding with the degree of protection that they provide. First, and most economical of all, are electric lights, of which a total of 161 were ordered during the five years ended March 31 last. These lights have now become quite familiar to travellers.

Others are automatic, being operated by electricity, and ring as long as a train is within 1,000 feet in either direction of the crossing. Their construction costs from three to four hundred dollars.

Sometimes, however, as far as time and a hell hole of electricity is concerned, too constant use and some other form of protection becomes necessary. A watchman stationed at the crossing either permanently or during certain hours during the second method of safeguarding a crossing. This method is not often resorted to, even when it is, it is usually preliminary to the adoption of the third form of protection, viz. gates.

Orders for sixty-eight gates have been issued by the Board during the past five years. Whereas the latter are usually installed on country roads, the gates generally go up at crossings in towns and cities. They cost

about \$1,500 to maintain each year. It is obvious that it is necessary to acquire their operation day and night, since an unattended gate at certain hours is worse than no gate at all. In the case of a double-track road, where there is a shunt of trains passing each other as in many crossings, gates are much preferable to a bell. This was emphasized by an accident that happened a year ago at Glenora's Crossing on the Grand Trunk line between Toronto and Hamilton. The crossing, which was notoriously dangerous, was protected at the time by an automatic bell. The wheels of the accident-bound car bell that was done up to the crossing and stopped to let a freight train pass



Photograph of level crossing at C.P.R. at Midland Avenue, Toronto.

action that the Board can take is to compel a railway company to obliterate the level crossing altogether and, by supporting the grade, carry the highway either over or under the railway track. This is a very expensive undertaking and it is not always resorted to. Railways themselves have voluntarily assumed it in the case of large cities where the level crossings were developed by demands on death traps, but not even of the heavy cost elsewhere the Board has not often ordered the remedy.

Since 1900 the Board has issued orders for grade separation in sixty cases, of which forty-one are subways and nineteen bridges. The interlocking works in Toronto occupied an area of lots by both the Grand Trunk and Canadian Pacific Railway Companies is included in these figures. The structure ordered by the Board must conform with certain standards and requirements. In the case of an overhead bridge, there must be a headroom of 22 feet 6 inches, which will allow a man standing on top of a freight car to ride under the bridge without striking his head. In the case of a subway a height of 16 feet must be provided. This being enough to allow of a load of hay passing through without being obstructed. Further a grade of not more than five per cent. for the highway must be arranged.

#### HOW THE BOARD IS HELD.

Whenever permanent structures are ordered, whether by way of gates or bridges, the Board draws twenty per cent. of the cost from the Grade Crossing Fund, provided twenty per cent. does not exceed the cost of the structure. The cost of the work is usually divided between the railway company and the municipality benefiting from the work. It is, in addition, an electric railway, using the highway, is involved, part of the cost is levied on it, it must also derive a direct advantage from adequate protection of its intersection with the track of the slow railway. The cost of maintenance is invariably laid on the street road.

The effectiveness of the regulations governing the disposal of the Grade Crossing Fund is limited by the two requirements mentioned—the twenty per cent. maximum on the \$1,500 limit. But many subways or bridges could be built for \$25,000 and where the cost exceeds this amount the contribution from the Railway Board becomes correspondingly small in proportion. Further, it is pro-

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awakened up for judicial consideration after some accident has taken place at its intersection. The fact that an accident has happened, is usually to be assumed to indicate that the crossing is dangerous and needs attention. It is evidently not the most desirable way to proceed—in fact until some one is killed or injured before taking action—but where there are no many crossings, it is quite impossible to do otherwise, while very often as accident is found to have taken place at a crossing that was previously reckoned to be quite safe.

One of the crossing facilities referred to at the beginning of this article was made the subject of the customary coroner's inquest. The jury found that the place was a crossing, dangerous, and that among other recommendations directed that the owner should draw the attention of the Board of Railway Commissioners to it. The latter recommendation was a good one but it was really superfluous. Behind the scenes other agencies were at work. The railway company had privately made an own investigation and as required had filed particulars of the tragedy with the board. One of the board's inspectors had casually glanced to the issue of the fatality and had carried out an impartial inspection of the ground and looked into all the circumstances surrounding the accident. In other words, the very commission of the disaster had automatically set in motion the board's machinery for handling this particular crossing.

The second way in which the board is advised to intervene the matter is through co-operation with the railway companies. The latter are required to submit facts of crossings, which in their opin-



A photograph taken during the night showing the Grand Trunk in Toronto. The bridge was closed the same night as the fire.

plaint, some individual has perhaps narrowly escaped death at a crossing, because no much worked up over the accident that he forthwith writes a letter of complaint to the board, or some municipality observing the dangerous condition of the crossing, or if a crossing when the bridge, takes complete action and is so-called formal protest. None of these steps for relief



At the Kingston Park, Toronto. A railway crossing, with house of accident current on the bridge.















amounts to perfection. And then thank of the ladies it serves you."

"Yes, and then think of meeting two or three people on the street wearing exactly the same coat as the one you have on yourself," said Mrs. Johnson, dryly. "I buy a coat from you have to know that my neighbor's maid won't come out in a cheaper edition of the same model!"

The merchant gave some study to that phase of the question. It had been his intention to buy only about half a dozen good style numbers each season. When he found that a certain number was selling well, he put in prompt repeat orders. As a result there had always been a customer about the styles in stock. If the Avenue shops planned the earliest purchasers, it was inevitable that midway in the season Avenue shoppers would be ones all over town.

He decided to reverse this policy. Only on the most popular models did he order more than one. It became his policy to give each customer, so far as possible, a coat or suit that would enjoy for a season at least the highest fashionable asset of individuality. His sales mounted up. That season he bought the unprecedented number of 200 mink coats and sold 199 of them before the end of the season!

He had found out what the public wanted!

#### MAKING IT EASY TO BUY.

After offering the public what the public wanted, the next subject of selling service is to make it easy for the public to buy what it wants. Here a mail goes unmentioned because the prospective purchaser does not know just where the required article can best be secured or because the trouble of securing it seems large. When doubts linger in the customer's mind and the fear of securing trouble enters into the consideration, it will always tip the scales the wrong way.

Now, unfortunately, lay the matter of shopping. There are lots of men who go into the first store they come across, although they may have a pretty good reason that better value could be secured there. When doubts linger in the customer's mind and the fear of securing trouble enters into the consideration, it will always tip the scales the wrong way.



Shopping is made easy in this store, even that of "mannequin" being used for display of goods.

A certain haberdashery conducts a store on the main street of one of the largest cities in Canada. It's a small store but it makes a big sale. Every week there is some special sale. Spices that would be a department store's publicly recognized is purchased in the newspaper. The policy usually pursued is to pick out a certain hat as a leader and "sell it up" at great lengths. Other goods are introduced almost incidentally.

Take a specific instance. One week a line of 50-cent neckties was picked out as the leader. An excellent pattern and shade of the most popular pattern and shades had been secured. The advertising space

for two days had running was used to tell this. The lines offered, and yes, were similar in every respect to the carried in similar quantities in every other haberdashery establishment in town. The price, 50 cents, was not a cut price in any sense of the word. The same tie could be bought for the same money anywhere. Nevertheless on the one day this store sold 1,000 fifty-cent ties.

Why? Because there are men, and their number is legion, who want fifty-cent ties which will compare current style with elegance, but who find it difficult to get what they want. If they go to their men's wear store, the clerk will almost certainly try to sell them a better tie; which is good salesman's but not always good service. They will perhaps be made to feel a little cheap. Perhaps this sense of shame or the expert customer of the store will lead to the purchase of a 75-cent or dollar tie. But here comes along an advertisement of the very thing wanted. All that it is necessary to do is to walk into the store and say, "I want one of these ties." The clerk says, "Yes, they are in the line of the latest neckties."

The haberdashery is selling services, perhaps not the best grade, but certainly the service which a large number of men require.

#### A STORE WITHOUT COVERTS.

It is this same idea of making it easier for the public to shop that brought about the elimination of coverts from a hardware store in Edmonton. From the glass-front to the office at the rear there isn't anything approaching a counter in the whole store. Customers pick up up to the wall fixtures and examine the stock as they see fit. The average man is not an exacting shopper. He will not peer over a whole counter of goods before making his selection as his wife will be habitually do. He is, in fact, a little different as a general rule. It follows, therefore, that he appreciates the opportunity to unobtrusively step up to the counter and inspect the goods as he pleases. He does not have to lean across a counter and point out to an over-cautious clerk the new or shoddy that he desires to inspect.

This is an age of wireless messages, wireless messages, wireless printer and wireless mystery. Will coverts then be added to the list?

Every merchant who manages to remove his business and keep the shelves full.

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## Turning Point of the Great War

Being the Narrative, Daily Censored, of a Stupendous Flanking Movement of Modern Warfare

By W. M. GLADISH

Edited by T. W. MITCHELL.

"FORWARD! Follow the flag men!"

The order rang out from the lips of Lieutenant-General — in command of the motor transport division of the combined Franco-British forces. Only a few heard the command but the drivers of many cars saw the sweep of the commander's gauntleted arm and obeyed with military precision. The signal was relayed down the several roads covered at —, just eleven miles north of Paris, and immediately there was a tremendous hurrying of automobile engines, like the untried start of a great international road race.

In the early morning light, the night was seemingly drifting to the right as automobiles because it was realized that the movement was carried to be the counter-attacking turning point in the world's greatest war. If our pathway had been advanced, a million swiftly-moving lightnings might have tried to reach the spot where we had been assembled for several days. War is war, however, and not even a small battle-front newspaper correspondent was on the job. With the small scope of vision possible from the turning point of "here" incessantly dithering, the officers of beautiful French highways presented an inspiring spectacle. It was superb! Praise them!

Overshadow the brief instructions which had been issued in the previous day, we cut dropped into the lead position in the seven-ending line of motor cars. We were driving in "columns of two's" and the

great convulsion took up the whole width of the road. This was at once overcast and imperative. There was little difficulty ahead because the highway was gradually dotted out for us by the side of the road. Not even a farmer's cart interrupted the view.

At the head of the column drove the whole point car, carrying officers, and well as anticipated that it was the official commander for the greatest advance was our lead. This automobile was armed from hub to tip and, painted a brilliant green, it glided over the road like a speedy carrier quelling her way through a rolling sea. The driver was, —, one of the mercurial racing men who had fame in many an automobile chase. He was now serving France for eight months yet but he was carrying a greater honor than a Grand Prix victory.

Next in line came a veritable giant. This second car, too, was armed in steel and in every direction machine guns pointed their business ends through narrow slots in the steel plate. On our starboard side another land-cruiser, while further back came a sturdy truck on which was mounted a huge searchlight with the necessary mechanism — one of the fifty so-equipped automobiles in use in the French army.

At regular intervals British armoured troops of a new and improved type creaked past. Black smoke was placed upon these vehicles because of imperfect sighting features. In fact, the advance had been delayed one whole day as the



Members who make good in great expense in obtaining admission as it is easier to enter for the public to inspect.













"Back to earth, Harve," she protested. "Don't let that light drag you on any airplane in Africa. Tell Bentley Hall to try something else."

"Bentley Hall, built on order of old English country house, situated a mile from the city limits, in deep park of state-ly villa, twenty rooms, furnished splendidly, former owner left country to be had for reasonable price," quoted Grimes.



Bentley Hall, built on order of old English country house, situated a mile from the city limits, in deep park of state-ly villa, twenty rooms, furnished splendidly, former owner left country to be had for reasonable price.

"Just the very thing for the man Bulwer. He simply couldn't resist it—if it's put up to him in the right way, to wit, by one Miss Callahan."

"That plan is the worst idea I've got out of the fellows of six months' experience. 'We have anticipated a year. And if, in any judge, it will be empty for several years after we're in our business and get the kassies—and you know what that means!'"

"Nonsense, Nera. I guess you're right," asserted Grimes. "The old job is about as valuable just now as open-mode socks in Alaska. And from what I have it would take a squad of policemen to drag that manful fellow out of Bentley Hall; that is, if you were at home in the middle of the way. They're tried to kill him everything under the sun. But—he has a plan. It's just having someone seated in pretty good chairs in the hall, but pretty soon I'll get it worked out and the darts figured and then I'll give it to you as all its grandeur. I'll send your assistance in this. In fact, I'll give to one you in the way and I'll give it to you as the proceeds, fifty-fifty."

"Let me help you to get the sides done," suggested the girl. "You see, Miss Hall, in that you'll be the brilliant ideas of yours have seemed simply too long. They're apt to get dry."

"This idea," declared Grimes, "doesn't

fall short of an inspiration. It hangs on some inside information I've got about the man Bulwer. Anything that looks like an adventure is a romance gone with him every time. At the same time he's

Horace Bulwer emerged from the heads of the hotel ladies looking more like a modern Adonis than ever. He was a picture of healthy color and the crown of his close-cropped head to the sides of his neat pointed beard. That money was no object to Horace Bulwer was evident in the exquisite perfection of every detail of his dress.

Repeating to his comfort, he was preparing to leave the hotel January third, when his visit appeared to a hurry from the doorway of the elevators and telegraphed him. When at the hotel, Bulwer lived on canned beans and fish-pies and wore blue jeans and cowboy boots the same as a lot of the sliding footers. But in Toronto he had a visit and every comfort, not as supposed, that wealth could provide.

"Something most strange has happened, sir," said the valet in a hoarse whisper. "A man came in to your room, saw a little old chap with long white whiskers and a gray pig tail. He had a very high-placed voice. I'd know it again anywhere—and he says to me, 'Tell Mr. Bulwer, the time has come. We are waiting for the signal!'"

"Where you been, drinking, Johnson?" demanded Bulwer, turning a look of stern enquiry on his man.

"Just a drop, sir," protested the valet. "Those can be very words. He made me repeat them over, sir, so I'd get them right."

"It is a new begging stand!" suggested Bulwer, unconcernedly. "Or was he just an ordinary nut?"

"He didn't seem crazy, sir," said the valet. "And he didn't say for anything." "Well," said Bulwer, drawing on his tie for guard, "if he comes back, kick him out on the ribs for me, Johnson, and as many more as you like for yourself."

It was not day at London that Johnson approached the table, where his master was happily engaged, with an air of mystery that earned with it a suggestion of poisonous halcyons.

"The old party has been back, sir," he whispered. "He popped in soon after you left the room and says, 'Tell Mr. Bulwer the man would be in New or Denver and that the Queen Princess has been asking for him. The very words, sir.'"

Bulwer shifted his chair back from the table impatiently and stood up.

"Nonsense! putting a practical joke on me," he declared. "I'll catch them at it if I have to say right to the jack for a month."

For a day and a half Horace Bulwer never left his room, even having his meals served down. During that time the mysterious call did not again put in an appearance. Getting impatient at the unusual restraint thus put on his activities, Bulwer decided to call on his valet for a change. Returning in an hour's time for lunch, he found that the third call had been paid in his absence.

"The man has been again," said Johnson, showing the marks of a surprise that his master was being a double liar.

"Well, what was the message this time?" snapped Bulwer.

"Franked has arrived," quoted Johnson, raising his word carefully. "They will need the million to-night."

"Why, hang it, I believe it's some sort of a black joke," said Bulwer, showing real suspicion for the first time. "I'll get a private detective on this case right away."

Leaving the hotel with the object of calling on his lawyer, Bulwer was just in time to see a little man with long white whiskers and a gray pig tail shuffling into an automobile and to hear him give a hurried direction to the driver in a high-placed, quavery voice.

"That's my man, now!" said Bulwer to himself.

There was only one other car in sight, a taxi driven inconspicuously up near the hotel. Its look possessed of it at once "Bulwer" red red red put turning the corner," he shouted the driver.

The chase led them up Young street for a couple of miles, then off to the east through a winding lane of cross streets, until Bulwer, who was not well acquainted with the city, hardly knew where he was. Finally they got behind the closely packed houses and on for half a mile along roads that were sparsely dotted with houses. Another half-mile through a farming estate brought them to an imposing park, surrounded by a high stone wall. The car entering the mysterious estate turned at a pillared gateway and rolled out of sight along a winding drive. The chauffeur turned around with a nod of enquiry toward the gate.

"Right on," directed Bulwer. "We'll follow them to the finish."

Accordingly they slipped in a few minutes as first at an imposing pile of gray stone with blackened walls and a corner that was reminiscent about of feudal days. The other car, empty, was driven up at one side of the main entrance.

"Good day, Mr. Bulwer," said a voice from the driveway. "Won't you come in?" The voice proceeded from a tall man of distinguished appearance, with reddish hair and prominent side-whiskers of the same hue. He bowed ceremoniously as he spoke.

"Oh, I don't mind if I do," said Bulwer, with a sweep of his habitual easy readiness.

The tall man led the way through a lofty hall to a small room in the east, which apparently served as a den. Bulwer, with a slight impression as he entered the hall of a broad, winding stairway, a brick fireplace of gigantic proportions and walls covered with paintings and trophies of the chase. "Some place," he said to himself.

His host seated him in a comfortable leather chair, but remained standing himself. To Bulwer it looked almost as though he stood in readiness for any course of action which might become necessary.

"Expecting me, it seems," said the tall man.

"Yes, we were," said his host. "Look here, was all that black-pony just a trick to get me to follow all the way out here?" asked Bulwer, grinning in spite of himself.

"Really," replied the other. "We do not consider your company so much that we want to kill that pony. By close analysis of what was known of your character and your past, we realized that only by some such means could you be persuaded to pay us a visit."

"Well, here I am," said Bulwer, looking at the host with a look of surprise. "Thank you."

The other studied him for a moment in silence. "My name is Henderson Huxley," he said, at last. "Have you ever heard of me?"

"No, but don't take it as an insult," said Bulwer. "I'm not going to mention it if I should know you. But as a matter of fact, I don't know any of the celebrities here."

"You should know," pointed the other sharply. "You get ten thousand dollars of my money now."

"What's that?" said Bulwer, sitting up. "I've got no money of yours?"

"I think that is perhaps the most accurate way of putting it," said Huxley. "The money normally was invested in gold."

Gold? Huxley, actually, it was his money, he said. At any rate, I never saw it again. "The money normally was invested in gold," Huxley said, looking at his watch. "I'm not sure, but I think it's a little unusual. He did not look at all in any way or really in mind but he was going to see the other car, empty, was driven up at one side of the main entrance."

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list of history. An idea of the appalling casualties may be gained from the statement that there were killed or wounded three field marshals, nine generals, fifteen hundred and eighty-five officers, 3,216 other grades and nearly four thousand soldiers. To this total could be added two months later another forty thousand sick and those who died of the successive fatigue or of wounds. Aid figures can give no adequate conception of the suffering hundreds of Serbian, of the whole-sale slaughter of galled men and the suffering which ensued through the absolute lack of sanitation for caring for the fallen. Wounded men died on the field and their bodies were left to rot, and a pestilence arose which added disease to the other horror.

He was so shocked at what he had witnessed in the field of battle with a great resolve. He had determined to devote his life to bringing about an improvement in Red Cross work (known as the Geneva Convention) the organized medical services of armies was quite insufficient, the remedy he saw in it was in bringing about some form of voluntary organization and to meet then end of the idea which has served as the foundation on which the modern Red Cross has been built.

Filled with his great resolve, Donatt related all the course of Europe and extended many years, and his private fortune and influence to secure the world to unified action. As a result of his efforts and influence a conference was held at Geneva in October, 1864, at which were present representatives of sixteen of the powers of Europe. This was followed by an important gathering at August 19, 1864, when the representatives of the following nations agreed a convention on behalf of their respective Governments, namely: France, Prussia, Spain, Portugal, Holland, Belgium, Italy, Switzerland, Greece, Denmark, Sweden and Norway, Baden, Württemberg and Hanover.

The principal article of this Convention



The government of the German Empire converted into a military hospital, which furnished satisfactory treatment and nursing.

was that all material of the Medical Service of belligerents should be immune from capture, that hospitals, medical officers and Medical Officers should be "protected and protected."

It is worth noting that Bernhardt was one who supported the movement, with a view it is said, to securing a good medical service for the German armies in the war with France which he was even then planning. Certain it is that the Franco-Prussian war saw a great military improvement in the matter of caring for the wounded.

Although it is not the object of this article to touch upon matters of a controversial nature the subject invariably led to the work of the Red Cross during the present war and to the construction of the memorable flag that was, however, unremembered.



One of the motor ambulances now possessed by the German Army.

whereas the medical services now in operation have seen a development to the point of highest efficiency, there has at the same time been a tendency to revert to the barbarous practices of earlier wars.

The Germans have taken advantage of a weak spot in the Convention to cause hospital equipment and to make prisoners of medical officers. It was the intention and it is the practice of all civilized nations to provide medical officers as non-combatants and as representatives of philanthropy, to be free from capture. At the present moment there are between fifty and sixty medical officers of the British Army prisoners of war in Germany.

Germany. It would appear, moreover, that these medical officers are not allowed to render medical aid to their fellow prisoners or to anyone else but are obliged to waste their time in idleness.

It is stated that, in some instances as my rule, medical officers have been deliberately killed or wounded upon the field of battle while in the discharge of their professional duties in aiding the wounded—a notable instance of which is the case of Dr. Melch, Surgeon of the London Scottish, who, it is stated, was deliberately murdered by a German soldier while in the act of assisting a wounded man. There would appear to be an excuse in this case as Dr. Melch was dressed in a blue uniform and worn the Red Cross, and was, moreover, unremembered.

Added to this is the strongest indictment of Germany's methods, the barbarism displayed in the treatment of trained nurses. If not a small fraction of the atrocities laid at the door of the German soldiers be found true when the verdict of history is reached, it will have been established that Germany has done much to put its name back where it was before human considerations entered in, a little less credit.

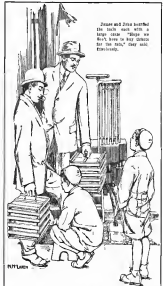
THE WORK OF THE RED CROSS.

It is not necessary to enter into the long phases of the Red Cross work, the Carri-

# The Fight That Was Puled

By MADGE MacBETH

THE white plume spread rapidly over Malheur. That the worst of



James and John had been the last men with a large case. "We've got the rest," they said, "the rest."

with their boys. But it did not ring true, and they knew it. When the rats had eaten the pockets out of James's blue coat, and two table cloths, to say nothing of a number of smaller articles, when every well-regulated home in Malheur had at least one rat in the house, John's wife wrote:

"You'll have to do something," she said, desperately. "The world not for the child to have them, and now you'll have to get rid of them. I have worried long enough."

Mother's horror and John's loud and chronic, boring, chronic, the suggestion of drowning.

"It's what the Pad Piper did," ventured John in a sudden voice.

"We could have a procession in fancy dress down the Creek, and pretend it was the Women. We could have costumes and maybe a parade. And a happy occasion, it was, you could be the Piper, son. Wouldn't that be a happy game?"

John's wavered. Drowning, the suggestion appeared to him. But Mother's shadowing protest, decided against the plan.

"And you a member of the Band of Mercy?" she reminded her son.

This made John feel awkward of his brutal suggestion. Somehow, it was made more of his suggestion to John's wife to make her tender-heartedness, and both he and James were glad to notice their wives to be of their day than themselves. But, when it came to a question of drowning a few hundred white rats, this extreme suggestion rather complicated matters.

"Well, son," said John, chancing a long walk on the edge of his pen, "we must think of another way. How does the family stand at present?"

"There's eight good-sized fathers, and fourteen good-sized mothers, and

James and John were responsible. Malheur, including their own, and discovered that they would be responsible for any unpleasantness to which Malheur was subjected, and blamed them on principle. They accepted the blame with a consciousness of responsibility with it; and could stand unshaken. Six months after the establishment of two pairs of white rats in their individual homes, James and John had a great house of refuge for their little son during the first pair of white rats, raised to the sixth power, a formidable proposition, especially if you're a woman, a member of the B. P. C. A., and also in the belief that drowning is a thoroughly cruel death.

It would be suggestive of large proportions to the youthful mind, were it to consider the measure James and John's intended in exchange for rats. Skimming briefly over the subject, they asked ten cents a piece in the beginning, but in the market began to get half that sum was accepted. Later, they took fishing tackle, small barrels of oil, and other things, and so on.

James and John had parents; just the common or garden variety—ordinaries who took life with crushing serenity and made a feast of clean hands and housekeeping, who held the master art of fishing in key form as a necessary element and a worthy of satisfaction by themselves, where other means failed, and to

when there were men like in the life of a boy that could be reckoned on any ordinary basis of computation. Their fathers were collecting overgrown children who had their best to devote the fact and be examples to their sons. They did their utmost to forget the stolen waterfalls of their child's youth, the weakness of the life. James and John, in the end, the proud though weary hours spent at the expense of education in the years of youth. They grew to be a wonderful joy to the best of the mothers and they were to be, and they put on a satisfactory view from where provided in being there































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## The Work of the Red Cross

Continued from Page 45.

ing of the wounded down the field, and the service of proper care afterward. This side is thoroughly understood. A further and very important function of the Red Cross—by which it must be service that is maintained by voluntary and not Government support—is the furnishing of supplies of comforts for the sick and wounded as supplementary to the regular list of requirements as established by the Government such as shirts, socks, underwear, cholera belts, sleeping bags and many articles of personal comfort. Further, the Red Cross supplies great quantities of dressings, relief bandages, lin. adhesive plaster and such adjuncts to the hospital requirements.

It does not, however, limit itself to these apparently small and unimportant articles—it furnishes complete hospitals, nurses, doctors, equipment, drugs, convalescent and everything which is necessary to go to make up a hospital. At the present time the British Red Cross Society, in conjunction with the Order of Saint John of Jerusalem, is maintaining, either wholly or in part, no less than three hundred and fifty-eight hospitals in England and in the Continent. The Danel John Ambulance Brigade has a small army of orderlies, and there are at present employed by it to the Canadian society thousands of these trained hospital attendants.

The British society is aiding in the quick transportation of wounded from the front by the establishment of a great number of motor ambulances, of which they have now some four hundred and fifty in operation.

The necessities in this war have been so enormous and the number of wounded so large that, with all these hospitals, in addition to the Government establishments, the society is now in process of organizing and organizing a hospital in the new building which has been built for R.M. Stationery Office in Waterloo road, London, with a capacity of sixteen hundred and fifty-eight beds, which are being put up largely by the Canadian society. The cost of this great hospital will, upon completion of its installation, be maintained by the British Government.

Hospital trains, capable of carrying five hundred sick or wounded men, are either in existence or in course of construction by the society. The society has also three hospital ships fully equipped with every convenience including a modern operating suite.

All this active and philanthropic work costs a great sum of money and, while the receipts of the British Red Cross Society up to the present time amount to nearly \$1,000,000, there is a small surplus at this time of war.

THE CANADIAN SOCIETY.

The Canadian society which was organized by the writer in 1894, is endeavoring to do its share, in proportion to

the money at its disposal, in the relief of the distressed soldiers. The Canadian society has presented to the British society twice fully equipped motor ambulances and has provided some hospitals for the Canadian contingents and now two traveling field hospitals. A Canadian hospital has been established in St. Michael's House at Cleveland and is now being equipped by the society. This hospital will be staffed by Canadian doctors and nurses.

Great quantities of supplies amounting up to the present time to about three thousand tons of an average weight of one hundred and fifty pounds each have been sent forward to the Canadian Commission in London, and their contents are being distributed by them to the hospitals in accordance with their requirements.

Some people may say: "Why should the society as the public agent from the Government be required to furnish all this money and these supplies?" In explanation of this it may be said that the medical services in the field of war are in the hands of the medical staff of the army. Also, it is the right and duty of private individuals to render this assistance. Further, the Red Cross in the means of its operation of the sympathy of the people of a nation with its soldiers.

It may truly be said that the advertisement of the suffering caused by war is in these days a universal obligation imposed by Christian civilization on all nations. It is a solemn duty to the Red Cross in the means of its operation of the sympathy of the people of a nation with its soldiers.

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## A New On-Tank Fire Extinguisher

MODERN chemicals have found a way to fight auto-tank fires in a flash. If a hot tank containing more than two million gallons of oil should be struck by lightning it can be easily extinguished. A terrific heat would be generated. Naturally the valuable tank would be destroyed as well as its contents.

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## Viola Allen

Continued from Page 48.

she must have assumed. And a diversity of roles will always prepare one for the great role which usually comes to a player and creates out of a mere material film or her a brilliant actress, radiant in achievement.

She had all the leading parts of such plays as "Liberty Bell," "The Youngster," "The Council's Wife," "Selling the Wind," "Goldwyns," "The Monogram," "John-a-Dramas," "Michael and His Little Angel," "A Woman's Reason," "Masters," "Pachyderm," "The Highwayman," "Under the Red Rose," "A Kiss and His Wife," and "The Comptroller." For five years she remained at the Empire Stock Company and when she emerged in 1922 it was as a brilliant star at the head of her Own Company.

The company which created this young star to shine so radiantly was "The Christiana," such a company. It came out for each, which ought to appear to every critical observer.

Then came seasons on the road. Long wearying seasons which tested her endurance and "trapped" powers to the limit. And she stayed and endured counting each season only a stepping stone to the shining goal which all of us hope one day to reach.

The plays which she associated with Viola Allen the Star are "In the Palace of the King," "The Merchant," "The Street City," "Twelfth Knight," "A Woman's Tale," "The Tenth of the Town," "Mousetrap," "As You Like It," "The Merchant of Venice," and "The Lady of Compton."

The time had surely come when Miss Allen could put into practice her supreme talent. That of giving happiness to the scores of poor, neglected children of New York whose being to the World seems a mere accident in the distance of the Future.

And this was the most brilliant achievement, the greatest redoubt given from her Theatrical Star.

## In the Wake of a Gold Ship

HYDRAULIC dredging at gold-bearing gravel beds has contributed a large part of California's annual output of the yellow metal. The gravel is lifted from bedrock by dredges forcing in artificial ponds the infernal amount of gold, often only fifteen or twenty cents' worth per cubic yard hauled, is washed out of the gravel and caught by mercury effluents while the boulders are dumped back into the water. Of late these incidents have been used extensively in the production of crushed rock for roadmaking and building and it has been found that the old will grow fruit trees.

## The Cannibals of Papua

An Interesting Description of the Aborigines of that Savage Land

By NORMAN DUNCAN

PAPUA—the British New Guinea of recent times and previous nomenclature is still cannibal country. Abundant pockets, lying in the brilliant, colorful hills border of Port Moresby; and where, in the deep tropical climate, with the sun shut out and the houses lit in, singular tales are told of murder and magic. The half of Papua—the whole being a matter of twenty thousand square miles of strong, hardly accessible jungle, lonely plateaus, and considerable mountains, lying a bit under the line—has not been explored; and what remains (except the patches of settled country near the coast) is not so familiarly known that no mystery attaches to its physical characteristics and savage customs. True, the land is open to settlement—in fertile, fertile, tropical country, but growing in white blood, as the way of all true tropical lands. It is not so a Crown colony; it is administered under the Australian Government—its people, naturally, coming, God-fearing administration, moreover, imposing civilization in no violent way, but sipping it, and cherishing it, in an unobtrusive, the government and enlightenment of the native races, who thrive in the benign sphere of influence, show the natural advantage of the situation, and making their own way. The cannibals show us, in the case, in clearly increasing number—a thousand, in recent numbers, now, accepted with planning, mining, and trading, the planters are turning chiefly commerce, rubber, and coal lands; and of the natives it is roughly estimated that there are four hundred thousand, in various numbers, and mostly unfriendly tribes, speaking many languages and dialects, and frankly open, in the remote parts, to the enjoyment of murder and cannibalism. The present English nations, notwithstanding these disproportionate numbers and established customs, and in spite of the mounting point of view in relation to the taking of life, a white man is reasonably secure, so rarely and hardly has the kind of the law before open offenders. Provided a man with circumstances favorable to his position, with some small notions of propriety in respect to his property, dignity, and what he can do in no very great fear of being hounded or killed, and will escape the wild, where the law is not and the emphasis of the Government's disapproval in rainforests, and let him prove himself a tireless follower of the law, he may find an unusual amount of the boiling-hot and brotherless as best his wit and courage can manage.

"It is not," a planter explained, with a glint of amusement, "that a New Guinea boy is so much and capable of such a deed, but that all the world over, and to be in



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# Treasure and Trigonometry

Continued from Page 35.

ness, right with logic content. "This is altogether too good to be true," he said. "Surely, he must use the Hall's money!"

"An archangel must stop in," said young Puffert, who was going through for medicine in the same year as his class. "But I don't think it would."

"You might as well have a try," said his uncle. "It will be necessary to secure permission, of course. You had better have a look at this first. It's the paper that was in Gerth's hand when his body was found."

He took to his book and drew out a crumpled piece of paper from an inner compartment. Something it out with hands that almost shook with excitement, the two students made it out as follows:

Oct 14 2 P.M.  
Arrived at 10 o'clock  
Sun. 11 10 2 in.

THE two students, eyes aglow with the possibility of wonderful discoveries that lay before them, turned down the gate only the next day. Even in daylight the building presented a sinister, almost a ghastly appearance. It was a dull station and the surrounding landscape stood out dark and forbidding against the leaden background of sky. The fitness which broods over the deserted habitations of men seemed to be here in a lowly and desolate place. A light wind upstirred in the tree tops and rustled against the windows of the building.

"Glad we didn't take the job at night," said Puffert. "I'd have seen old Gerth's ghost following at me from every corner of the place."

Back, whose nerves were steadier, clambered in a very matter-of-fact way through a window.

"Cut out the quivers, Puff," he said. "Let's bust up this laboratory first. That's where our investigations will center all right."

As he said so, he took him to find the place where Isaac Gerth had conducted his mysterious labors. It was a long room, filled with all manner of scientific apparatus. Eryanous of various sizes and shapes, some of which were of a construction that neither of them were there. On a table in the center was the mysterious machine that Ralph Puffert had mentioned, the large compass that on top glittering with a strange metallic brilliance. Back examined this apparatus with keen interest.

"So this is the device the old boy had rigged up, eh?" he said. "It looks to me as though it was designed to create no shadow current; some new way to make electricity. Thought, of course, that's impossible."

They searched the place through from top to bottom. Back found plenty of

things to examine with a growing and critical interest. Finally, he squatted himself on a bench that was littered with old tubes and other implements of chemical research. All Sappary had gone from his memory.

"Now, this old Gerth was no fool," he said. "The secret he gave Gerth along certain lines than any of the big men in the electrical field has taken to-day. This room contains secrets, Puff, things that will make the world sit up and take notice."

In response to his companion's utterances, however, Back, gave up his investigation of the purely scientific aspect of the room and turned his attention to the more material side of it, the search for the buried gold. His mind could not be entirely divorced from the many conditions of electrical research and it was with a shunt of triumph that he brought to light a most curious inscription indeed. In a polished manuscript he had found what looked like a large lens of a heavy, hollow glass, which gave out a peculiar sizzling glow. It was inscribed with heavy copper.

"Here is something," exclaimed Back, triumphantly. "Now what is the name of Edison and Maxwell was this intended for?"

He threw open the shutters of the oval window on the north side of the room and held the lens up to the light. Instantly it gave off a peculiar red glow and a stream of light streamed out from it that seemed almost to avoid the glass in current. Back held it up at every angle, his face a study of wonderment.

"What've you found that time?" demanded Puffert, impatiently.

Back did not answer. He laid the lens carefully by itself, drawing from his pocket the paper on which Gerth had scribbled his last message, studied it with deep concentration.

"Well," said Puffert, after several minutes had passed.

Back played up to the back language of the inscription of a discovery that would seem to have a bearing on the important matter in hand.

"I believe I'm on the track," he said, almost to himself. "Now if there were only a pile of some kind has been about here for which this lens could be as taken, I would know I was right."

"There is," declared Puffert. "I found it over in that corner. How about that?" He pulled out a strip about the size of a curtain pole with a copper attachment at one end and a handle at the other. Back picked the lens in the attachment and found that it fitted perfectly. With greatest care, he then placed the lens safely away and found his hand in a vertical line of excitement.

"I'm going to discover Gerth's secret!" he exclaimed. "Whether that means we locate the gold too, I don't know—but think it does. To-day is October 18, a to-morrow at 2:14 p.m. we'll know it."

sure. By the way, ever hear what it was that Gerth said?"

"He was discovered on the eighth month of October, and it was thought he had been dead several days," replied Puffert.

"Everything lies in like a stone," said Back. "Now I can find out about everything. See how close that no man was ever able to make anything out of? It tells how to find Gerth's money. And I've made it out. Do you hear what I'm saying. Sure? I've found out what it means!"

"Instead of hoping around and waiting like a leech you might tell us this precious secret, you've discovered!" said Puffert, in an aggrieved tone.

"Well, I'll tell you as we work," said Back, repeating almost as we had and deftly kicking a row of test tubes off a shelf. "I feel as good as I like to be in a position. But come on, Puff, old boy. We've got a proposition in hand to work out first."

He led the way to the front of the building and examined the grounds. A row of six trees ran along one side and, on Back and stepped a wooden railing stood to the left. He passed off the distance between the second tree and the stone.

"Stricken feet," he announced. There's a spot on a distant tree remember that Gerth had to remember he didn't do much mark it and he was equally sure to get my measurements on paper. So what does the way old Gerth did? Figure out a way that will give you a mathematical calculation. Let me read this. 1. 1. Look up Back, look 2, and you'll find that proposition alone tells how to divide a given the internally in medical station.

All we got to do is to divide the line between that stone tree and the wooden railing in medical station and will have the magic key."

Accordingly Back started to perform an elaborate series of measurements, the first led down by Back for the solving of this particular problem. After a moment he had to go to the large scale in which the measurements had to be carried out, he finally located the exact spot.

"Do we dig now?" queried Puffert impatiently.

"No," he said, not hesitating. "You don't suppose old Gerth was much cleverer than King money, do you? Anybody could have found it if he had put it here. Puff, you could dig down through to China from this spot without stirring anything. No, Gerth had a deeper plan than that."

\*\*\*

At ten minutes after two the next afternoon, Back and Puffert had been engaged in planting the pole with the lens at the spot, on the exact spot they had determined. They had been there for some time, on the exact spot they had determined. They had been there for some time, on the exact spot they had determined.

"Let's dig," said Back. "We've got the lens in the attachment and against your ear all through the window. Do you see that the lens and the lens outside are directly in line and that the lens is everything up behind it? At 2:14 the sun will rise."



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we have not been able to use the thing in its larger aspect. But think of it as, say, Germany must have been thinking of it. Think of all that great fleet of transports and their convoys, over fifty vessels in all, streaming out from the New World to help decide the fate of Europe on first-of-July 1918. Say the transports took half a mile behind each other, with convoys winding along half a mile away on either side. Why, there's a procession of ships a mile wide and twenty miles long! The thing is colossal. There never was anything on the sea so vastly imposing; never such a demonstration of imperial power. Why, just think, Colonel!—and the Kaiser smiled at his own audacity—“That thing will go reverberating down the corridors of Time, and we shall remember it well!”

The Colonel laughed heartily. “By Jove!” he exclaimed, “I never thought of that! By Jove, we shall!”

The Princess's voice dropped to a lower and a graver note. “But if this strikes the imagination,” he proceeded, “think how it would stir the imagination utterly to destroy first that before it got out of Canadian waters! Suppose this Zepplin had stolen out by night, dropped bombs on those transports, as I verily believe they would have, and as the Germans, by their very preparations, show that they so definitely intended to do, and had destroyed every one of them—supposing, as I say, the Germans had succeeded in destroying this great Armada before it had even got out of the Gulf—why it would have been by far the most terrible marine disaster in history! It would have been an accomplishment of such magnitude, and including such swift, fire-reaching, and appalling striking power, as might well have shaken the Empire and have caused the world to stand in awe!”

Then as they were talking there was a stir at the camp. Thousands of eyes were directed at the sky, and soldiers were pointing upwards.

“There's one of the aeroplanes coming back,” said the Colonel. “See it! There it is. Far away, right over that big ship!”

Side by side they stood watching the aerial messenger as it came hurtling out of the clouds its great wings for good or ill.

The aeroplane alighted gracefully on a bird not five hundred yards from where they stood, and curious soldiers crowded around it.

The aviator descended himself from his seat, got out upon the ground, and pulled his goggles and headgear off.

“That's our Colonel, Hughes!” he cried.

“Good!” said the Colonel, pushing forward to grasp his hand. “Shake hands with Sir Robert Borden!”

The aviator drew them away, out of earshot of the others.

“We'll know the Zepplin and all its crew into a million fragments!” he said.

“Exquisite as one moment,” exclaimed Colonel Hughes—and his voice in dropping himself away from that fascinating

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